THE SEXTUANNUAL

GargOyle

FUNNIER. SHORTER. MORE OFTEN.

Philosophy

BY JACOB ROSEN

Ours is a generation that turned friendship into a multi-billion dollar corporation, made Ashton Kucher a movie star, and elected a black president who can't raise the roof. Unfortunately, there's nothing I can do about that, and there's nothing you can do either. Go ahead, call your dipshit senator and tell his secretary's secretary that the flowers in front of the library smell weird or that Monsanto employees forcefully planted mutated corn seeds into your rectum, and see what happens. It's time to give up, America. Since there's nothing I hate more than a hypocrite, I now bring your attention to a matter of the highest importance.

We here at the Gargoyle are quick to jest and prone to mockery, however we hope that our readers are aware of this. Yet it would appear that our stalwart president, Mary Sue Coleman, has not taken kindly to our jokes. Rapping as "Big Sue", she is set to release her debut mixtape *Blaze and Brew* this fall. We received an advance copy and much to our dismay found an entire track devoted to dissing the Gargoyle. Consequently, we present the lyrics in their entirety and will respond in kind in our next issue.

"Fuck tha Garg" by Big Sue

Listen up Garg fags
it's Big Sue
Comin at you hard with the
"Blaze and Brew"
Shout out to my main man
Snyder, and all y'all bitches that
work for me
Hella beats thick rhymes
Move ova hova, I'm takin' ova
Let's go.

I wake up, wash my face
Beat the shit outta nerds
Walk out the front door
I got weed to burn

Damn, a surprise
There's a Garg' on my lawn
Flip through the pages
And stifle a yawn

A humor magazine?
Well humor me
Y'all fill trash cans
Far as eyes can see

So shut the fuck up
Listen to this song of mine
You been makin' crickets sing
Since 1909

You got shitty writing
You got shitty art
I bet you do distribution
In a damn shopping cart

Your biggest claim to fame?
Arthur miller, that's fine
I got a ten inch dick
And I dine on your dime

What it is what it do, y'all?
You heard it straight from
Mary Sue, y'all
sit back and learn somethin'
chumps – Professor Coleman's at
the podium.

Tha first lady
Of tha maize n' blue
I got Big 10 reasons
Why I'm schoolin' you

Five knuckles on my left
And five on my right
A mike in my hand
And I'm down for a fight

Meet me underground
I got room to rumble
Caged deathmatches
In mah secret tunnels

Bare knuckle brawl with
My cunning lyrics
One-round K.O.
First time ya hear it

You can duck you can weave
But there's no mistakin'
My resonant rhymes
Will leave your bones shakin'

Forsaken, limbs achin'
And I'll cook you like bacon
Recall your diploma
Exams you're retakin'

Y'all are in deep now yo
Icin' your veins while I'm kee-
pin' my flow
It's time to kick it into overdrive
Hold onto your tits for round 3

I'm not enrolled,
But I got class
I'll step on the M,
Then I'll kick your ass

You want tobacco back?
Why you gotta front?
I don't give a shit
While I'm smoking a blunt

You ironic whiney hipsters
Don't need another smoke
But your magazine is funny
Cause it's one big joke

I still manage to laugh
All the way to the bank
I'm rolling in paper
All my green is dank

You beg for scholarships
To bring dreams to fruition
Yeah right, bitch please
Take a hike like your tuition

Gargoyle – you got nuthin',
If you think you're fly? Call me
spider web.
One more verse is all you get,
then I jet - so take a good long
suck on this one

I'm the boss of the boss
Of your bosses bosses
You'd better quit the game –
Run and cut your losses

Come to fireside chats
To have words with me?
Try to hang with my
Bitchin' di-verse-ity

Big Mary Sue
The hottest cougar on campus
I'll see you at Necto
Makin' bathroom advances

I'll see you at the league
I'm a league of my own
I'll be in the roof
You'll be givin' me dome

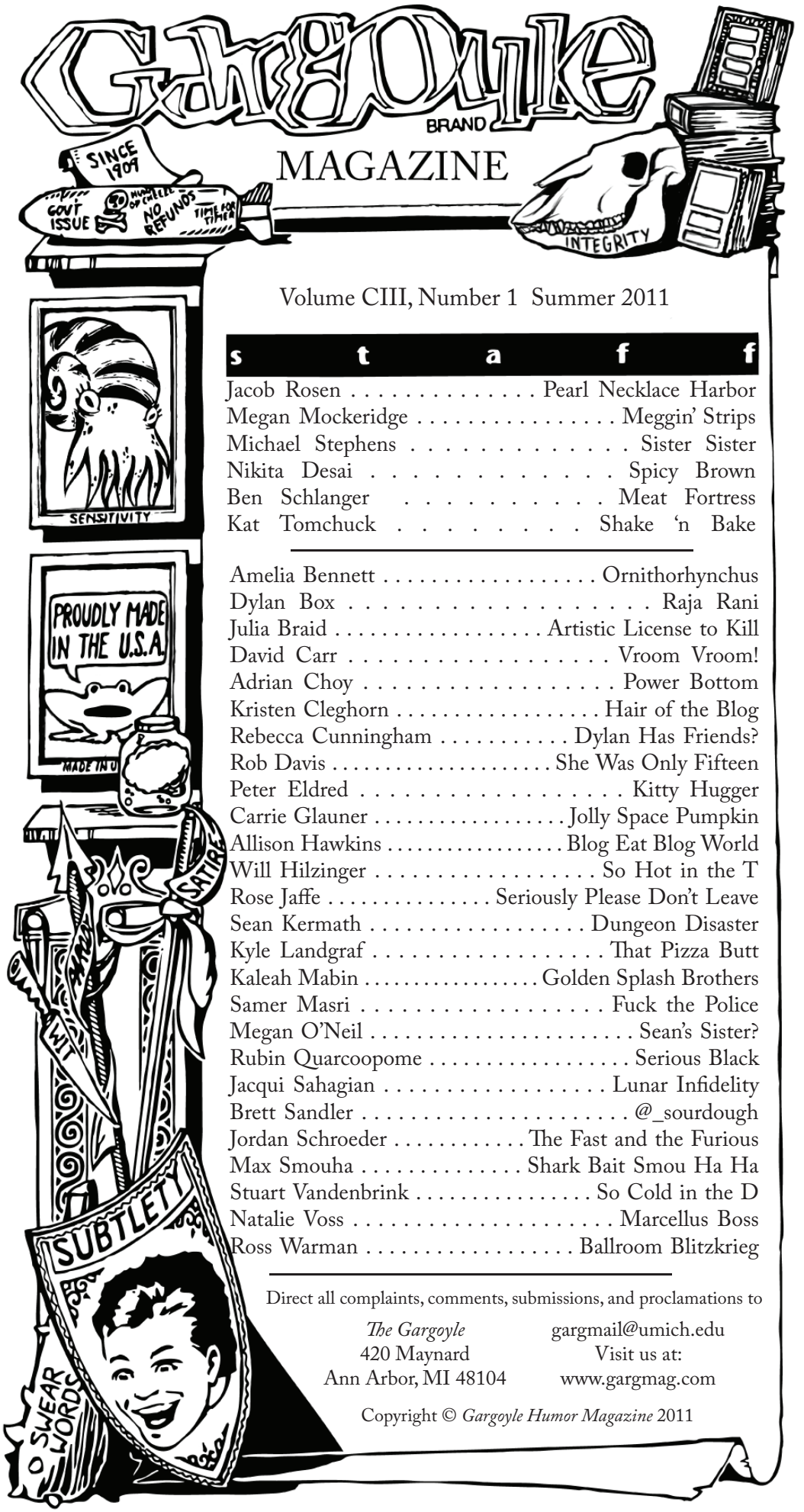
Your tweets are a hoot
Cuz they're so damn bad
And your Facebook page
Is only "liked" by your dad

My lines are unabridged
And you're taking a toll
I'm stompin' on the Gargoyle
Cuz y'all just trolls

Your website*- forgettable
The content? Regrettable
I'll serve your web host like
Your script was edible

I'm takin you down
You aint big but ya fall hard
This is Big Sue y'all
Shoutin' FUCK THE GARG

Get the fuck out of student
publications, Gargoyle.
I'd wipe my ass with your
magazine but the jokes are too
thin.
Big Sue, Blaze n' Brew.
Comin' at you from all sides
Bukakke, muthafuckas.
OUT!



Volume CIII, Number 1 Summer 2011

s t a f f

Jacob Rosen . . . . . Pearl Necklace Harbor
Megan Mockeridge . . . . . Meggin' Strips
Michael Stephens . . . . . Sister Sister
Nikita Desai . . . . . Spicy Brown
Ben Schlanger . . . . . Meat Fortress
Kat Tomchuck . . . . . Shake 'n Bake

Amelia Bennett . . . . . Ornithorhynchus
Dylan Box . . . . . Raja Rani
Julia Braid . . . . . Artistic License to Kill
David Carr . . . . . Vroom Vroom!
Adrian Choy . . . . . Power Bottom
Kristen Cleghorn . . . . . Hair of the Blog
Rebecca Cunningham . . . . . Dylan Has Friends?
Rob Davis . . . . . She Was Only Fifteen
Peter Eldred . . . . . Kitty Hugger
Carrie Glauner . . . . . Jolly Space Pumpkin
Allison Hawkins . . . . . Blog Eat Blog World
Will Hilzinger . . . . . So Hot in the T
Rose Jaffe . . . . . Seriously Please Don't Leave
Sean Kermath . . . . . Dungeon Disaster
Kyle Landgraf . . . . . That Pizza Butt
Kaleah Mabin . . . . . Golden Splash Brothers
Samer Masri . . . . . Fuck the Police
Megan O'Neil . . . . . Sean's Sister?
Rubin Quarcoopome . . . . . Serious Black
Jacqui Sahagian . . . . . Lunar Infidelity
Brett Sandler . . . . . @_sourdough
Jordan Schroeder . . . . . The Fast and the Furious
Max Smouha . . . . . Shark Bait Smou Ha Ha
Stuart Vandenbrink . . . . . So Cold in the D
Natalie Voss . . . . . Marcellus Boss
Ross Warman . . . . . Ballroom Blitzkrieg

Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, and proclamations to

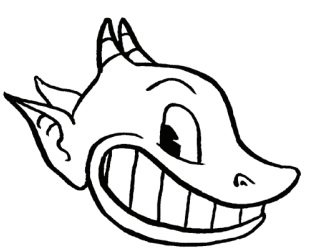
The Gargoyle
420 Maynard
Ann Arbor, MI 48104

gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us at:
www.gargmag.com

Copyright © *Gargoyle Humor Magazine* 2011

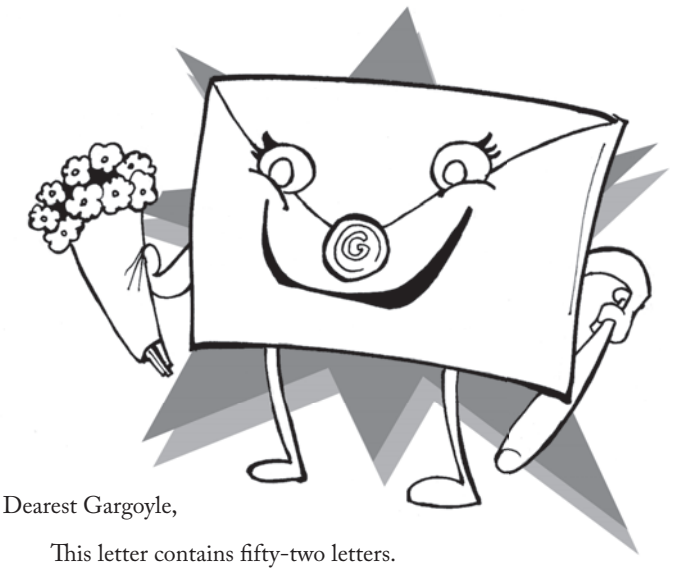
Table of Contents

1. The $6 Million Garg
2. That Page
3. This Page
4. MAIL CALL!
5. "Cultural" Page
6. Diapers and Dildos
7. Festifallbacks
8. There's an App for that
9. Appl0wn3d
10. Hairy Otter
11. And the Itchy Boner
12. Books for Children
13. (If They're Over 18)
14. Rush βσσ Frat
15. Don't be a GDI
16. (Ghost Dissin' Idgit)
17. Dank Ass Ghost Weed
18. Crack is Whack
19. But Pot is Not!
20. Is DDR a Sport?
21. Fishing for Bass
22. Marlboros for Mutts
23. Pall Malls for Pooches
24. Peer Bong



Mail

Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
The Gargoyle
420 Maynard
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us on the internet:
www.gargmag.com



Dear Gargoyle,

Hi there! Long time reader, first time writer. I think that you guys do a really solid job most of the time, but I was also thinking that maybe you could diversify a bit? I love boner jokes as much as anyone else, but how 'bout a little recognition?

Thanks,
Wet Vagina Jokes

Dear Wet Vagina Jokes,

Thank you and indeed, we have considered diversity. However, vagina jokes are only 3/4ths as funny as dick jokes.

Tough Luck,
The Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

Surprised to see me? I can't blame you. That move you pulled in Bangladesh nearly did me in. Nearly being the operative word. Don't bother trying to activate that distress beacon, I've been projecting a localized EMP since your, dare I say, stunning companion Ms. April left the room. Scream all you want, she can't hear you. And with that, I depart. Pleasure seeing you again, old boy. Ta ta for now.

Maximilian, Archduke of the Society of Nefarious Ne'er-Do-Wells

Dearest Father,

This little game of cat and mouse has grown rather trite. As usual, you've negleted to check my false tooth and by the time you read this, I'll be halfway across this damn globe. I've informed mother of this transgression and certainly you'll lose television privileges for a week, if not a whole month.

Death and Glory,
The Gargoyle, 1st Lieutenant of the League of Gallant Good Guys

---

Dear Gargoyle,

I need to borrow your staff. I'm about 30 short on a promise I made to a suicide bomber.

Love,
Allah

Dearest Gargoyle,

This letter contains fifty-two letters.

Meta

Dear Meta,

'Fuck You' contains seven letters.

The Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

Is it true that you're going to start printing six times a year instead of four? Because that would be, like, super duper totes mcgotes awesomesauce!

Love,
Your Biggest #1 Fan Who Is Totally A Real Person

Dear Fan,

We appreciate your totally legitimate enthusiasm and love, especially because your letter is definitely coming from a fan who is totally real and we absolutely didn't just write that letter ourselves. Anyways, yes, it's true! We will now be printing your favorite magazine, The Gargoyle, six times a year. So you, and all our other totally real non-imaginary not-our-parents friends can rejoice!

With Completely Non-Narcissistic Love,
The Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

I've only been gone for a few short months, and already you've forgotten all of my teachings. Don't let yourself be destroyed, Gargoyle. Search your feelings; you know this to be true.

Love,
Darth Faulkner

Dear Darth,

We're more of a Dune type of magazine now. Thanks anyways.

Love,
The Gargoyle

Things to Do this Fall

We at the Gargoyle assume that our readers don't have much to do and that's not by choice. I mean, why are you reading this? Think about it. Anyway, we want to help. We asked our friends what they like to do in Ann Arbor and they provided us with these recommendations. Who knows, with our help, maybe you'll make some friends or something of your own. As long as that "something" you make isn't a suicide note, we consider it a job well done.

Something to Read: Zen Tapes Blog

(For when you need to impress your potential friends with your relevant musical tastes.)

Whether your interests include colorful patterns of segmented helvetica or the musings of internet-savy, cut-off-wearing, fixie-riding, shy boys, Zen Tapes is for you. A2 renowned Tom "Makeout King" Auty and his counterparts Matt Gilles and Macklin "fthrsn" Underdown have put together a blog that not only matches all of your Urban Outfitters cardigans, but also pumps out some serious jams. These jams can be anything from beachy chill-pop, to sunny chill-wave, even delving into the darker, slower world of chill-grave*.

In all sincerety, though, this blog is great for finding that one special song to put on in the background while you try on your sunglasses, tumbl, or formulate a critical analysis of every Depeche-Mode album for your next smoking session outside a "really lame party."

FYI this blog is not just for "H-words". Are they people with thick-rimmed glasses (grandparents)? Are they chain-smokers (hot 80's moms)? Or are they simply young men and women trying to find themselves? Well, my friends, the music found on Zen Tapes can help even the most mainstream of us find a little originality in this gentrified nation.

Recommend by Carrie "Mackies's GF" Glauner

Somewhere to Eat: Mark's Carts

(For when your new friends get hungry from all that apple pickin'.)

Growing up in Little Mexico has taught me one thing: taco carts are bitchin'. Eating at Marks Carts has taught me that this same quality extends to any food sold out of a small hut that you walk up to. Mark's Carts is a collection of seven different food carts (duh) located on Washington St. between Ashley and 1st - just north of the Fleetwood, or a block west of Main St. You can get Asian, Indian, or Mexican, and those are less than half the options - there's a cart that's exclusively vegan, and a few other ones that don't fit into any easy categories. All the stuff we've had has been really good, though, and there are tons of options. Prices vary, and you can get a full meal from anywhere between $5 and $10, with a few snacks and smaller dishes being cheaper. A lot of the stuff is locally sourced or otherwise concerned with sustainable practices, and all the service (that we've seen) has been genuinely helpful and enthusiastic. So go give them some money! Hours vary kind of strangely, so check out www.markscartsannarbor.com for more info.

Recommend by Rob Davis

Something to Do: Pick Apples

(For when you make friends with your relevant musical tastes.)

You like picking apples? No? Well fuck you then.

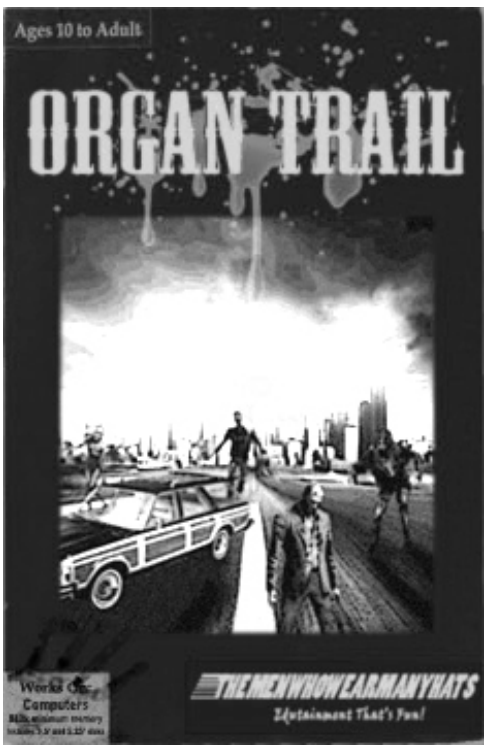
You haven't lived in Michigan until you've spider-monkeyed up an apple tree to toss ripe fruit at your friends like hot feces. If they can't catch 'em it's their fuckin' problem. And donuts? Nothing ripens my pumpkin patch like those hot goddamn muthafuckin' donuts. Then spike that unpasteurized apple cider with some Jäger and sit back while your apple pie bakes in the oven. Sweet apple pie, tastes so good makes a grown man cry. Go to Wiard's if you like paying $13 to get stuck in a Corn Maize (and Blue), but go to Wasem's if you just want some good goddamn apples.

Recommended by Megan Mockeridge

Something to Play: Organ Trail

(For when you give up.)

Organ Trail: Do you remember playing Oregon Trail as a kid? Remember the fun of watching your family and friends die of typhoid and cholera? Then Organ Trail is the game for you! It's all the fun of Oregon Trail, with a zombie apocalypse thrown over it. Travel across the country to Safe Haven, Oregon, where the last bastion of humanity resides. You'll have to gather supplies, trade with survivors, and put a bullet through your friend's skull after a zombie bites them. Sink some time into it at http://hatsproductions.com/organtrail.html.



Recommended by Sean Kermath

WEST SIDE BOOK SHOP

"Preparing you for the apes since 1975."

Used and Rare Books, Bought and Sold

113 West Liberty
Ann Arbor, Mi
(734) 955-1891

Vibrators.com

THE EASIEST WAY TO FIND THE PERFECT VIBRATOR

Buy Online in Total Privacy!

Enter Coupon Code: Gargoyle

For Free Priority Delivery on Any Order

Uh-ohhh ladies.....

Missing your Aunt Flo?

"Am I pregnant? How far along?" ... We'll tell you for free.

FREE PREGNANCY TESTING & ULTRASOUND

@ STATE & LIBERTY BELOW STARBUCKS

ArborVitae

(734) 994-8863 • ArborWoman.com

Little Known Student Groups

By Ross Warman

At some point during the fall, you'll wander onto the Diag and find yourself greeted by a bevy of brightly colored posters, balloons, prostitutes, and at least one asshole in a gorilla suit wheeling around a shopping cart. Yes, it's Festifall, the annual meet-and-greet between the experienced upper-class owls and the desperately confused freshmen and/or transfer lemmings. I know what you're thinking: "Ross, don't owls eat lemmings?" Well, dear reader, I have not the damnedest idea. See, I failed my Animal Behavior 101 class, because the only "Animal" I was interested in was a character from The Muppets. Anywho! Back to the point. Festifall is full of people, all with their own agendas. Larger groups tend to push their agendas pretty hard, meaning that smaller groups may get left by the wayside. Fortunately for you, you wonderful little owlemmings, the Gargoyle has compiled a list of little-known student groups you might be interested in.

Students for Abortion

The abortion debate is one that continues to rage all across campus: from the lecture halls to the Diag to the the third women's restroom stall on the 4th floor of Angel Hall. An ongoing conflict between scientific fact and religious dogma, women and men, unicorns and El Chupacabra, the two student groups on campus (Students for Choice and Students for Life) have almost nothing in common, except for their hatred of the little-known third group: Students For Abortion. Their goal is to force every man, woman, and child to have mandatory abortions. "We're sick of children ruining everything," said Erik Kindermord, SFA's acting president. "Do you know how nice it is to fly without a child ruining your goddamn flight? Neither do I. That's why I started this group!" The group draws inspiration from both Students For Choice and Students For Life. "We combine the ineffectual slogans and petitions of Students For Choice with the religious dogma of Students for Life," explained Secretary Missy Schwanger. "Did you know that one in three women may be carrying the Antichrist?"

Students for Ridiculous Drug Policy

Dissatisfied with today's War on Drugs, this group is focused on repealing the existing drug laws and replacing them with certifiably batshit loco ones. Marijuana possession would be legal for people shorter than 5' 5", but illegal on dates divisible by a prime number. Cocaine dealers caught in the act would be forced to write a twenty page essay on Culture Club's 1983 hit "Karma Chameleon," and then carve it into a mountainside using only a cheap jelly vibrator. I've yet to translate the punishment for possession of LSD from Parseltongue.

The Pan-Helen Council

An organization that strives to both raise awareness of and further the cause of all persons named Helen. "For too long the Helens of this world have suffered under the oppressive heel of society," said spokeshelen Helen Erikson. "Young Helens have very few positive role models. Society tells them they can only end up mythological homewreckers, married to Tim Burton, or deaf, dumb, and mute. Plus, there aren't really any good nicknames. That's priority number one."

The Illuminati

See, the problem with a secret group is that it's not as easy to recruit new members as you might expect. Back in the old days, there were plenty of privileged white men just waiting to be discreetly and temporarily abducted and whisked away to a secret facility where they could be quickly brainwashed and indoctrinated into the age old cult. Nowadays, there are increasingly few potential abductees, all of whom are smartphone enabled. The last thing the organization needs is some jackass checking in at the Illuminati Headquarters or one of five convenient brainwashing centers in the Tri-state area with Foursquare. It doesn't do the organization any good to have someone tweet the deepest secrets of their darkest rituals to the entire world. So they've had to change their recruitment tactics. Any white man seeking to rule the world is invited to join the Illuminati. Just take the south entrance to the Undergraduate Library, enter the fourth study booth on the left and wait.

Genocide Reenactment Society

Who says the systematic and deliberate extermination of a national, racial, political, or cultural group can't be fun? GRS believes in finding the lighter side of mass homicide. Given their passion for history and persecution, their meetings frequently devolve into arguments over which genocide was the coolest or which eccentric dictators had the best fashion sense. Each year at Palmer Field, they reenact some of history's most brutal killings by swarming around, hacking each other to "death" with foam machetes and whatever other weapons they can find. At the end of the reenactment, they all drink fruit punch (no Kool-Aid, obviously) and eat cookies. Just like a real genocide.

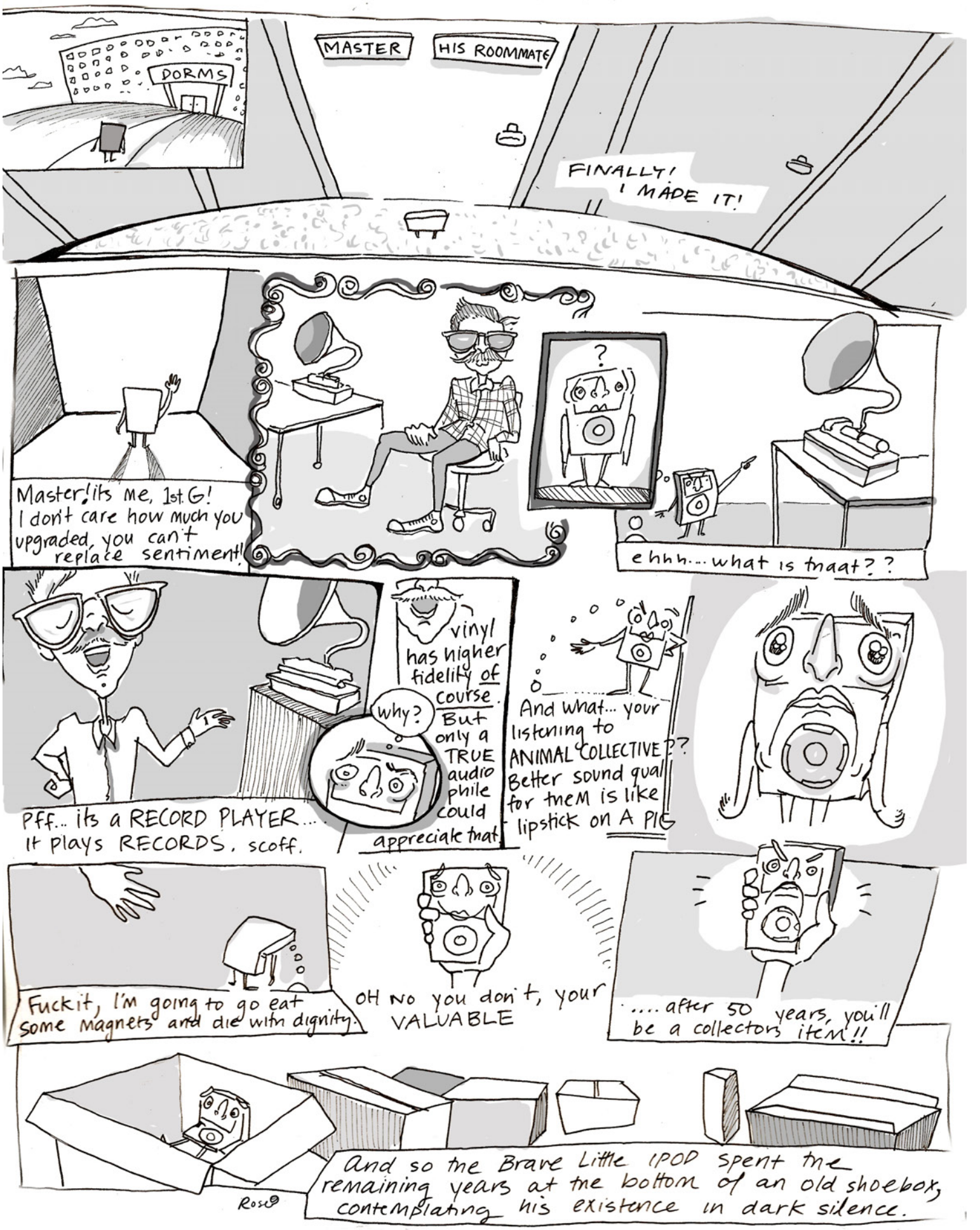
DoRAC (Random Acts of Cruelty)

It's easy to forget that college is not the same as real life. We live in a bubble of abnormal behavior, with a different set of rules, regulations, and "bro codes." In real life no one will randomly hug you, give you compliments, or do anything to make your day just a little brighter. That's where DoRAC comes in. This group patrols the Diag perpetrating acts of assholery, from tripping a child with terminal cancer to calling your new sweater "tranny-tastic." I caught up with member Dominique Martin when she was in the middle of dropkicking a puppy. "Some students might develop the false impression that the world is actually a kind and good place. We're here to show people that it isn't. Especially cocksucking English majors writing a piece of shit humor magazine. You think anyone will pay you to write this shit? You're delusional"

Campus Republicans

His name is Steve, and he'd really like to talk about tax cuts with you.

The Brave Little IPOD
The master has gone off to college.....
.....but he left me behind.....
and its no wonder....
BW LCD SCREEN
10 GIGS
I'M a MONSTER!!
He's probably upgraded to "video" and a "touch screen" and "battery life".
I don't care.... you can't upgrade the memories.
Surely he'll remember all the good times!
Flashback 2002
Sk8er Boi Avril Levine
.....No one will know.....
I'll show him I'm not obsolete! I'll go straight to him and listen to Nickelback and it will be FINE!
And so his journey begins.....


DORMS
MASTER
HIS ROOMMATE
FINALLY! I MADE IT!
Master! its me, 1st G! I don't care how much you upgraded, you can't replace sentiment!
?
ehhh... what is tnaat??
PFF... its a RECORD PLAYER... It plays RECORDS. scoff.
why?
vinyl has higher fidelity of course. But only a TRUE audio phile could appreciate that
And what... your listening to ANIMAL COLLECTIVE?? Better sound qual for tneM is like lipstick on A PIG
Fuckit, I'm going to go eat some magnets and die with dignity.
OH NO you don't, your VALUABLE
.... after 50 years, you'll be a collectors item!!
And so the Brave Little IPOD spent the remaining years at the bottom of an old shoebox, contemplating his existence in dark silence.
Rose

An Expose

The Midnight Showing of Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows, Part 2: A Time-Journal

By Rubin Quarcoopome

On July 14th, 2011, me and a group of six white friends drove to Rave Theaters in Ann Arbor to see the midnight showing of the last Harry Potter movie. Our group was about as diverse as a PTA meeting in the suburbs and, being the sole black person, as usual, I decided to keep track of my cynicism. The following is a record of the night, with no important details omitted, complete with a running Black Count chronicling how many fellow brothas and sistas I came across.

9:40 pm – We leave from my pleasant apartment. Everyone's excited but me. They see this film as an end to their childhood. My childhood ended when Samurai Jack was canceled. To me, this midnight show is an opportunity to make fun of a lot of people in a short period of time.

10:02 pm – We pull into the driveway. I notice that The Zookeeper is showing. I make a note to find out what that is.

10:05 pm – We walk towards the entrance to the cinema. Directly outside are a group of people in costume. My rectum tightens in resentment. One of them is dressed as what appears to be an angel. She's golden and glistening like a baby chicken. I lean over to a friend and ask, "Is that chick an angel? Is she being satiric or something?" My friend whispers, "Oh, no, she's a snitch. You know, from Quidditch." My sphincter twitches involuntarily. This will be a long night.

10:10 pm – We finally buy our tickets. The guy at the ticket counter doesn't even ask what we're here to see. He already has seven tickets ready to go. Eerily enough, they're for theater number seven. I soon realize that the entire cinema has been co-opted for this one film. Crowds of people sit dejected in loose lines next to the entrances to individual theaters. Most of these diehard fans are in costume. Terrible, terrible costumes. A brunette is wearing a plain white T-shirt with "Gryffindor" crudely scribbled on it in black marker. She greets my cynical stare with an almost sensual indifference. I am in love with her. Black Count: 2

10:11 pm – A somewhat tall guy with a tremendous bushy beard and a dirty-looking trench coat hurries past us. His eyes are flared and he looks anxious. Apparently, even the homeless need to know if Harry beats Voldemort.

10:12 pm – On the way to wait outside Theater Seven, I see a black friend. We give each other dap – that's how black people say hello – and ask what theater each of us is in. He is in theater ten. He sees the company I'm in and wishes me luck. I notice that he's alone. A wise choice. Watching the midnight showing of Harry Potter is just about the whitest thing you can do after voting and Pilates. We agree to never tell any of our other black friends about this. I nod sagely and bid him goodbye. Black Count: 3

10:13 pm – Turns out the homeless guy was actually supposed to be Hagrid. I can't remember if Hagrid was homeless or not. I do remember that he kept lots of animals for questionable purposes. Like Michael Vick.

My childhood ended when Samurai Jack was canceled.

10:15 pm – We have found a seat on the ground outside theater seven for only a few minutes before a grown man in a full-on knight costume walks by and causes everyone to scream in a disturbing kind of fan zealotry. I lean over and ask a friend who he's supposed to be. He responds,"Sir Cadogan." I nod as if I remember who that is.

10:16 pm – I ask a friend, who'd just bought an absurdly large thing of popcorn, for a single kernel. He tosses it on the ground near me and tells me I should have "caught that Snitch". He cackles at his own joke. These are my friends.

10:25 pm – Out of boredom, I strike up a conversation with a random nearby stranger dressed as Hermione. "So...are you a fan?" I ask. There is a crushing silence as the sheer stupidity of my question sinks in. "Are you fucking kidding me?" she replies. I apologize and return to my friends.

10:26 pm – Faux-mione talks to her friends, who look over at me and laugh derisively. I am fairly certain they are tweeting about everything.

I can't remember if Hagrid was homeless or not. I do remember that he keeps a lot of animals for questionable purposes.

10:38 pm – After an interminably long period of nothing interesting happening, a food trolley rolls by. There are bundles of popcorn and candy and a decidedly non-magical looking cash register in the center. On the side is a huge, crudely drawn, "HP7" poster. It is being pushed by a pleasant black lady speaking in a hilariously awful, affected British accent. I give her the Black Nod of Empathetic Recognition. She nods back. Black Count: 4.

10:46 pm – An asshole with a microphone starts screaming, "Harry Potter! Harry Potter!" Soon, the entire hall, now filled with at least 150 people, start mindlessly chanting. It's creepy. He's like a cheerleader with a beer belly – you know, an Ohioan cheerleader. His black shirt simply reads "Harry" and is far too tight for him. Bits of fat from his man-bosom spill through the sleeves of his shirt. The audible sickening sound that can be heard every time he drops his arms to his side is only amplified by the microphone. I make a note to remember Ohioan Cheerleader Man; I feel I'll see him again, but hopefully not in the dark.

10:47 pm – Black Count: 7

10:49 pm – I cave into peer-pressure and purchase a large popcorn. It tastes like diabetes. The woman at the register has extremely dark eyes and a nametag that only says, "Spader". Was that her only name? Like Cher? Intrigued and hungry, I ask for a "large popcorn and the death of all my enemies." She calmly responds, "$9.50". I notice that a large popcorn only costs $7.50. I mention that I was just joking. She smiles softly and waits too long to say, "So was I." I want to ask her more, but I choose a slow death from crappy popcorn rather than a quick one from Spader.

10:54 pm – I check Twitter on my phone to pass the time. Apparently several hundred thousand people had the same idea, and every tweet is about how excited people are to see the movie. Even "#NevilleLongbottom" is trending. Lots of spoilers too. But whatever. Every body already knows Harry slips in the shower and dies of a broken frenulum. And that Voldemort was actually Keyser Söze the whole time. We know that already.

11:08 pm – Black Count: 10

Even "#Neville Longbottom" is trending.

11:10 pm – A friend says something about a battery with "the consistency of jelly." I honestly think he says, "of vagina", and ask him for clarification. Another friend mishears me and says, "How delicious." We stare at each other aroused.

11:20 pm – The people ahead of us stand up. Oh God, finally! The line is moving!

11:21 pm – Oh. They are only stretching their legs. Fuck them soundly.

11:25 pm – This time the line actually moves, and we enter the cinema. We find our seats. We waited an hour and a half for the opportunity to wait almost an hour more, but now it's pitch black. Just the way I like it.

11:50 pm – I see the Ohioan Cheerleader Man again, and this time in the dark. He tells us to get ready to see Harry Potter. The theater erupts in applause. Why are they clapping? Are people pleasantly surprised we're about to see the movie we all paid for? He breathes loudly into the microphone long after the applause has died down. Black Count: 14

Fuck them soundly

12:00-12:09 am – The trailers play. First is Sherlock Holmes 2. Robert Downey Jr. is in a dress, so that's interesting...but he just doesn't show enough cleavage. As usual. Following the sexy new Batman trailer with one for a Taylor "Llama-Face" Lautner film called Abduction is obscene. It looks like The Bourne Identity for tweens. His character's parents are killed early in the trailer and all Llama-Face can emote is a charmingly disinterested "No." It's brutally entertaining. He sounds like he dropped a pen. At the end, I remark loudly, "Well, the upside is, there's a chance he could die at the end!" Several guys nearby burst out in laughter, and a couple girls scream out, "Hey!" resentfully.

12:10-2:20 am – The movie starts, plays, and finishes. Black Count: 16 (there were maybe three in the entire film, but at least one died).

2:23 am – I have never been surrounded by so many crying, hysterical white girls before. This is exactly what it's like to be Justin Bieber.

2:25 am – Some teens outside the theater remark how weird some of the characters look in the epilogue. Like any of them won't look completely different in twenty years. Fucking youth.

2:45 am – On the car ride back I ask if any one else thought it was weird when Voldemort hugged Draco Malfoy like it was an after-school special. It just seemed out of character. Like Megan Fox acting.

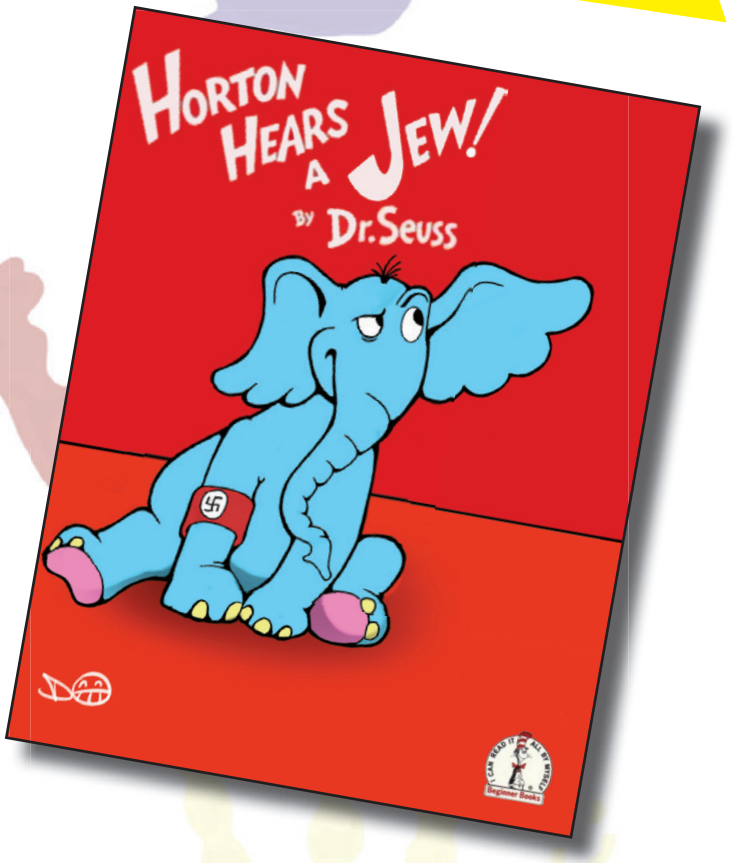
3:00 am – I sleep. I dream that Spader has come for me. Oh God. Black Count: 15.

Gargoyle Children's Publications **presents....**

Children's Stories for a New Era

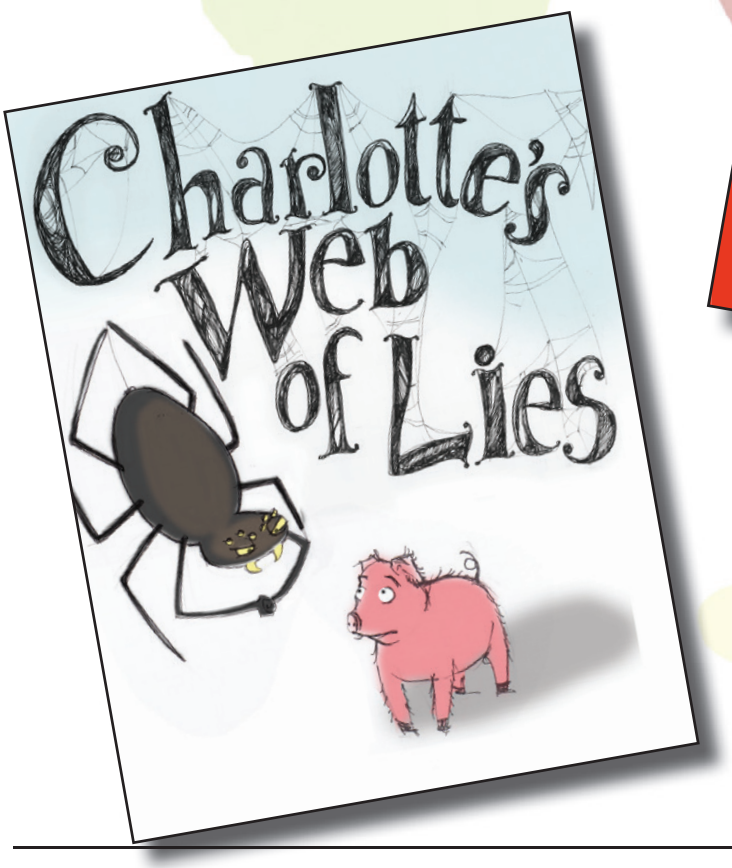
Moms, Dads and everyone in between! Have we got news for you! We here at Gargoyle Children's Publications understand how hard it is to have kids. If we're not looking after our own illegitimate progeny, we're helping our editor pay child support. What's more, you've gotta raise the little shits! These modern times call for modern solutions, hence we proudly present our "Tough Questions" series to help parents and social workers explain the finer points of our world. "Why is the sky blue?", "Where do babies come from?", "What's really in skunk kush?" We've got 'em all covered, and more!

Featuring...



Horton Hears a Jew

"Wow, Grandpa, I can't believe you worked fourteen-hour days for seventy years! I'd just die!" Growing up Jewish these days is more often soft and cushy than terrifying and guilt-ridden. *Horton Hears a Jew* will have your kids cursing the goyim and snatching up more Nobel Prizes than the Chinese. Therapy by twenty, or your money back. We guarantee it!

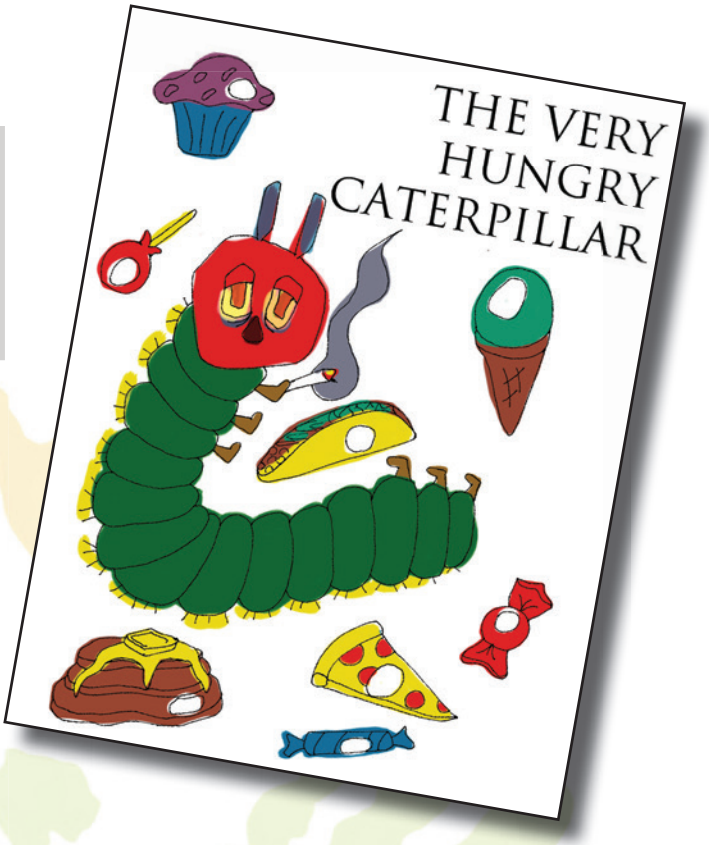


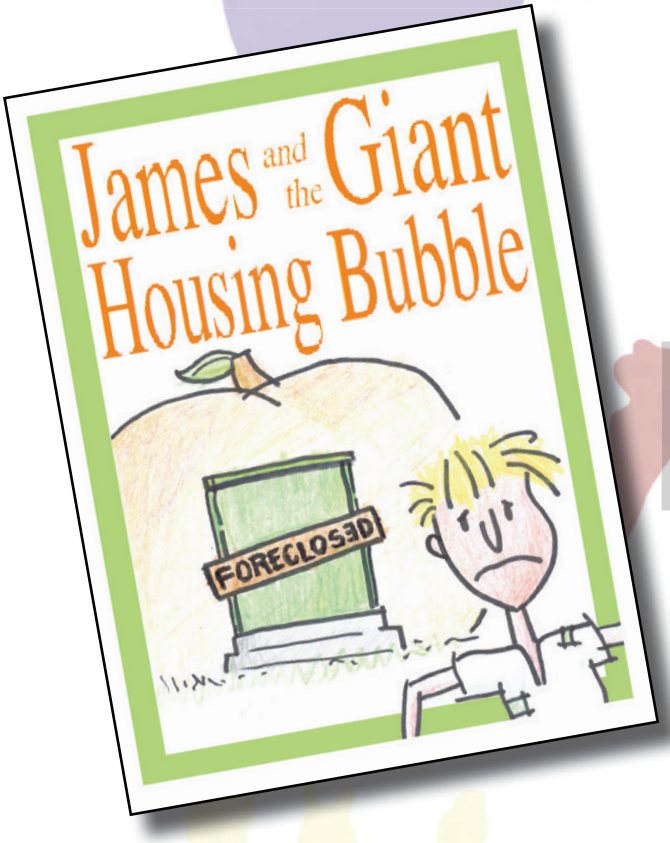
Charlotte's Web of Lies

"Do cell phones cause cancer? Did Obama find Atlantis and not tell anyone? Are harvest moons red because I get my period?" Unless you've done the responsible thing and aborted your kids, they'll surely need to be taught what's true and what's a damn lie. Learn how to effectively vilify others and construct *your* preferred reality for *your* kids.

The Very Hungry Caterpillar

"Mom, why do we have to watch Man vs. Food whenever you come out of your office in the garage?" Nothing can ruin a fat bowl like an eight-year-old who needs help with her homework. *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* will leave your children knowing when to ask for a ride to the park, and when to fetch mother a turkey sandwich and a heating pad.



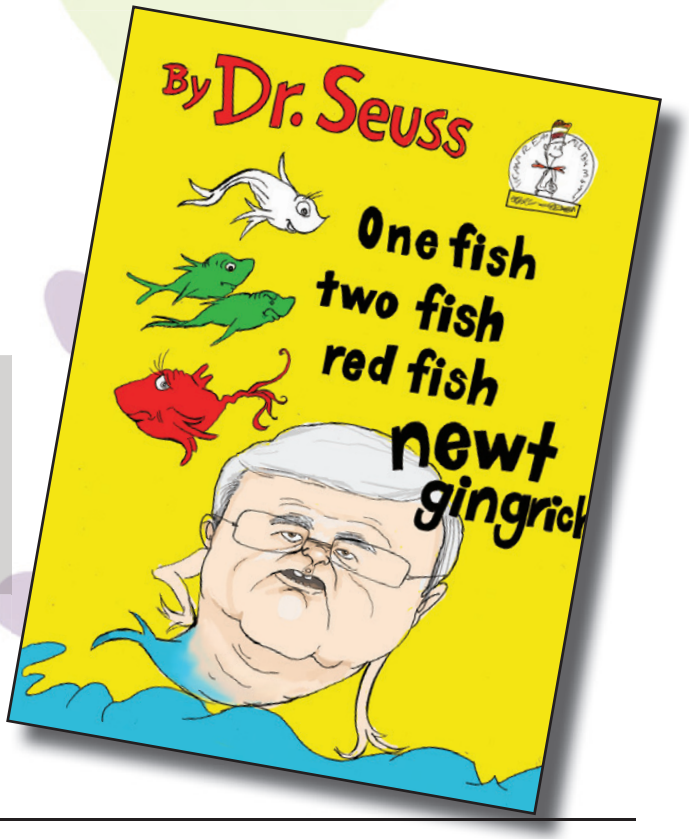


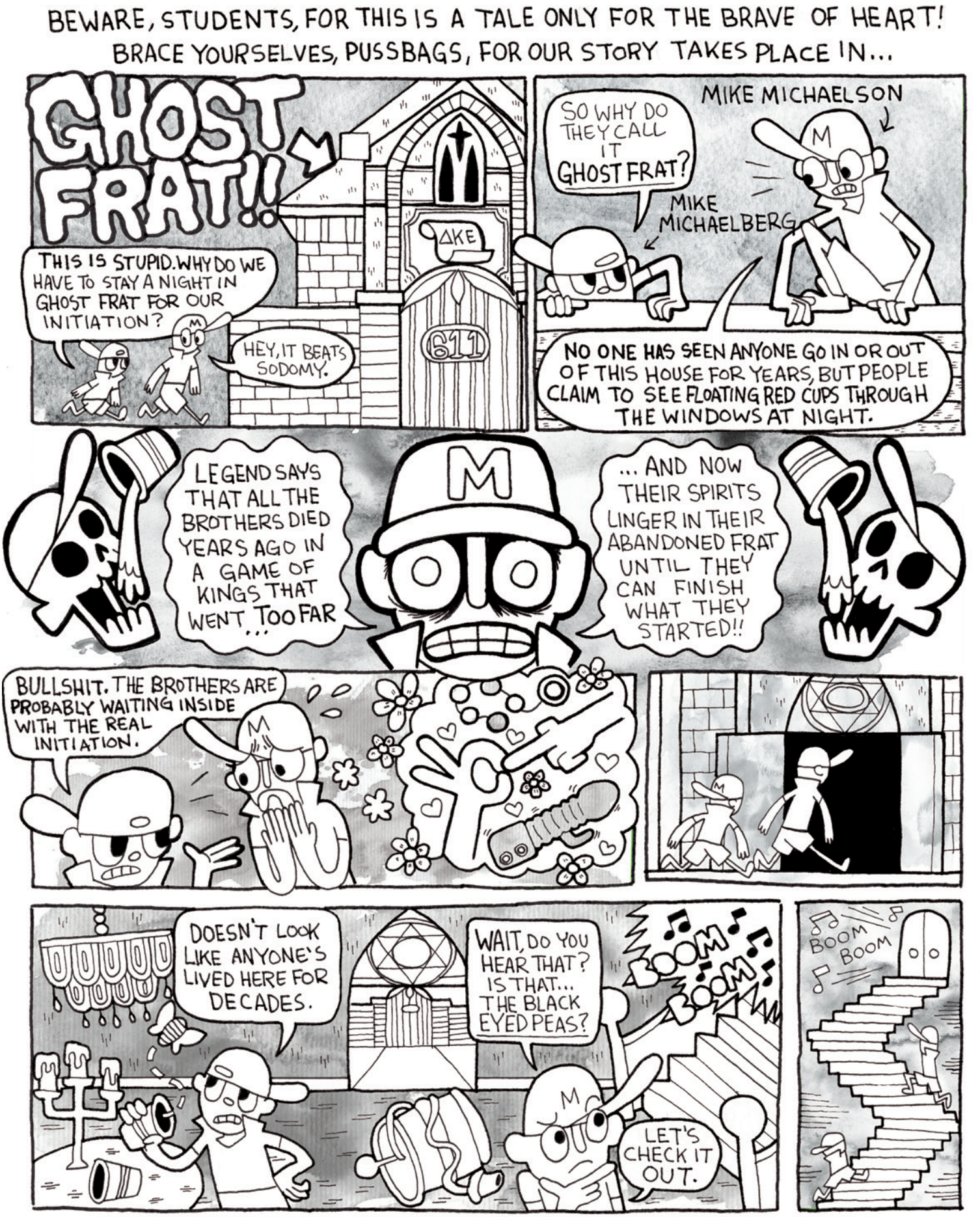
James and the Giant Housing Bubble

"Why can't we live in our house anymore?" Wait! Don't hit your kid yet. Let us help you explain the collapse of the American housing market to your homeless family.

One Fish Two Fish Red Fish Newt Gingrich

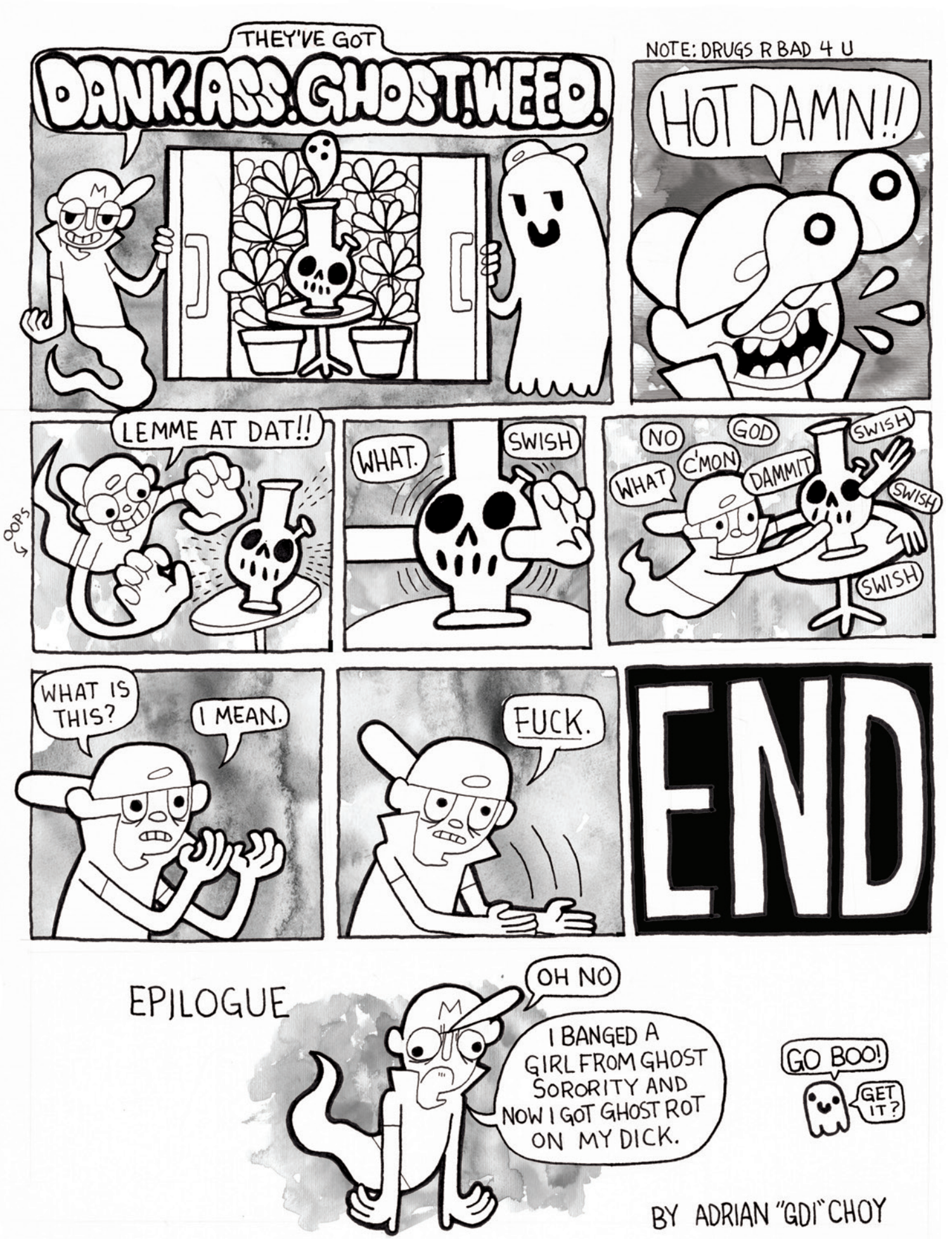
"Mom! I heard a monster last night. Could you check under the bed for me?" "Don't worry honey, it's just Newt Gingrich, he won't hurt you. Sit tight, I'll get the broom." Today's Newt Gingrich is mostly harmless, but proper Newt safety is essential. Learn the warning signs that indicate a possible Newt infestation and safe handling instructions for removal.




BEWARE, STUDENTS, FOR THIS IS A TALE ONLY FOR THE BRAVE OF HEART!
BRACE YOURSELVES, PUSSBAGS, FOR OUR STORY TAKES PLACE IN...
GHOST FRAT!!
ΔKE
611
THIS IS STUPID. WHY DO WE HAVE TO STAY A NIGHT IN GHOST FRAT FOR OUR INITIATION?
HEY, IT BEATS SODOMY.
MIKE MICHAELSON
SO WHY DO THEY CALL IT GHOST FRAT?
MIKE MICHAELBERG
NO ONE HAS SEEN ANYONE GO IN OR OUT OF THIS HOUSE FOR YEARS, BUT PEOPLE CLAIM TO SEE FLOATING RED CUPS THROUGH THE WINDOWS AT NIGHT.
LEGEND SAYS THAT ALL THE BROTHERS DIED YEARS AGO IN A GAME OF KINGS THAT WENT TOO FAR...
... AND NOW THEIR SPIRITS LINGER IN THEIR ABANDONED FRAT UNTIL THEY CAN FINISH WHAT THEY STARTED!!
BULLSHIT. THE BROTHERS ARE PROBABLY WAITING INSIDE WITH THE REAL INITIATION.
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYONE'S LIVED HERE FOR DECADES.
WAIT, DO YOU HEAR THAT? IS THAT... THE BLACK EYED PEAS?
BOOM BOOM BOOM
LET'S CHECK IT OUT.
BOOM BOOM

JEEPERS! IT'S A GHOSTLY FRAT PARTY!
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!
BOO!
BOO?
UH... THANKS?
? ? ?
CAN GHOSTS EVEN DRINK BEER?
SHOTS! SHOTS! SHOT- SHOT- SHOTS!
EVERY BODY!
BRO, I KNOW WE SHOULD BE SCARED SHITLESS, BUT THIS PLACE IS BORING AS FUCK. ARE THERE EVEN ANY CHICKS HERE?
TOO MANY GHOST DICKS ON THE DANCEFLOOR
BOO
BRO
DUDE
WHAT ABOUT THAT OVER THERE? WITH THE BOW.
WINK
THAT COULD BE ANYTHING!
DUDE, THIS PARTY SUCKS ASS.
AS NEW MEMBERS OF THE GREEK SYSTEM, IT'S OUR DUTY TO SHUT THIS SHITSHOW DOWN!
THEN WE GOTTA HELP THESE BROS FIND ETERNAL PEACE BY FINISHING THEIR UNRESOLVED GAME OF KINGS!
DON'T DRINK N' DRAW, KIDS

ALRIGHT! WHAT ARE THE HOUSE RULES?
2?
3?
4?
5?
6?
BOO
BOO
BOO
CHICKS.
BEER
WHAT? I THOUGHT 6 WAS DICKS.
NAW, 4 IS WHORES, 5 IS GUYS, AND 6 IS OOOOOO!!
A FEW HOURS LATER...
DUDE, WAKE UUUUUUPP
GUH... WHA? HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN BLACKED OUT?
SHUTUP AND PAAAAAARTY
MAN, WHY DO I FEEL SO LEGLESS?
BECAUSE WE'RE GHOOOOOOSTS!
JESUS CHRIST!!
YEAH DUDE, WE DIED OF ALCOHOL POISONING
WE'RE TOTALLY FUCKIN' DEAD.
FORGET OUR OLD HOUSE, LET'S RUSH GHOST FRAT!
HELL NO!
BUT THIS PLACE HAS EVERYTHING! GHOST BOOZE, GHOST BITCHES, AND A RICH AND STORIED TRADITION OF COMMUNITY SERVICE AND CHARITY!
BESIDES, I HAVEN'T EVEN TOLD YOU THE BEST PART ABOUT THIS PLACE...
INTERESTED IN BUILDING ROBOTS? JOIN UM::AUTONOMY!!


THEY'VE GOT
DANK.ASS.GHOST.WEED.
NOTE: DRUGS R BAD 4 U
HOT DAMN!!
LEMME AT DAT!!
OOPS
WHAT.
SWISH
NO
GOD
SWISH
WHAT
C'MON
DAMMIT
SWISH
SWISH
WHAT IS THIS?
I MEAN.
FUCK.
END
EPILOGUE
OH NO
I BANGED A GIRL FROM GHOST SORORITY AND NOW I GOT GHOST ROT ON MY DICK.
GO BOO!
GET IT?
BY ADRIAN "GDI" CHOY

WEED: *MY* ANTI-DRUG

By Jacob Rosen

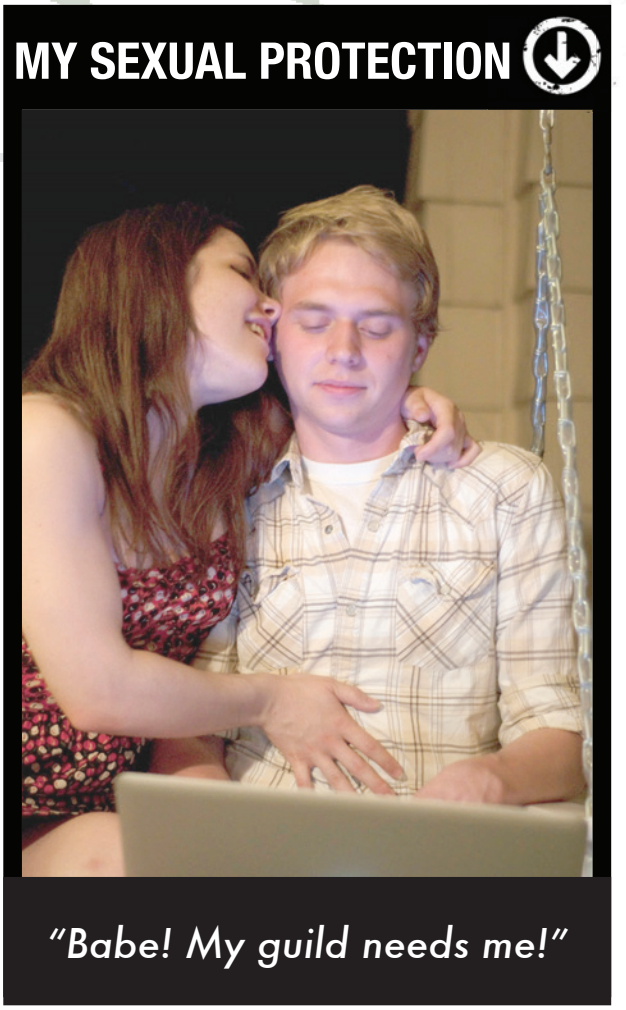
The Gargoyle has taken interest in the recent push to legalize marijuana, and we think we can lend our skills to giving the movement a more sympathetic face. After standing in front of 7-11 for ten minutes, we had collected enough willing participants to join our focus group in exchange for an Arnold Palmer and a pack of gummy worms. Our research showed that while in the past weed has been looked at as a gateway drug to more dangerous and sexier substances, it's quickly become the gateway to higher moral values. Just listen to the heartfelt testimonials of those whose lives have been positively affected by smoking tree.

"What? Oh yeah, weed is great. I haven't snapped at my kids since I started smoking again. Wait…oh shit…no… yeah…yeah, they can wait at the 7-11 for a few more hours." *- Karen Thompson, age 48*

"Oy gevalt, I've tried twenty-three different meshugana allergy pills and a bong rip is the only thing that keeps the sniffles away during shul." *- Sheldon Rosenblatt, age 21*

"I make more money selling weed to rich college students in a day than you pay for your annual tuition. But, of course, all profits go straight to the Humane Society." *- Mary Sue Coleman, age 16-103?*

Our public relations department, usually dedicated to apologizing to various campus ethnic groups, has drafted a few sample posters for the cause. Unfortunately the only modeling agency we could afford doubles as a Cash 4 Gold store and is located under the highway, but we hear looking weird is in this season. So all you worthless stoners need to do is kick back, spark up and wait for the proud day when you can purchase an eighth at the Meijer deli counter.



MY CREATIVE EDGE

"Do chips come in a six-pack? That would be awesome."

MY FAMILY CONNECTION

"BWAHAHAHAHAHA"

MY CAR SAFETY

"Is it okay to turn my blinker on or do I, like, have to stop everything?"

MODEL CREDITS

Bianca Butler
Patrick Duffy
Nick Jukowski
Jessica Kursman
Tracy Parker

Dob Ravis's Guide to Michigan Sports

By Rob Davis

Any student at the University knows from their first day on campus that, along with arrogance and eugenics, athletics are an important part of the storied tradition of Michigan. But despite this inundation of sports enthusiasm many students find themselves confused about the different facets of popular sports or about how they should act as fans (evidence: every person at a football game, ever). While the Gargoyle is traditionally unathletic outside of alcohol-related sports - we can't run or throw, but we're alright at Drink Beer Fast and pretty fucking great at Drink Liquor Fast - we are willing to venture outside our comfort zone in an effort to help our valued readers make the most of their years in Ann Arbor (or "Man Harbor" if you're an athlete).

HOCKEY (AKA Slappystick)

Hockey is one of Michigan's most successful sports both currently and historically. The team regularly makes runs at the national championship, and they placed second in the country last season. This success is somewhat tempered by the fact that there are something like two college hockey teams in the nation and around half as many fans. In fact, it's an open question as to whether anyone actually watches the games or if they're just killing time while they see how many Labatt Blues they can finish.

All things considered, hockey games at the university tend to be interesting affairs - the crowd is enthusiastic, loud, and close-knit, which is way fucking more than can be said for the crowd at a football game. If you can stomach the feeling of actually watching a collegiate hockey game (I would describe my experiences as Orwellian), you could do a lot worse than going to a game or two. If you're a nerdy white kid stuck up on North or otherwise lacking in social skills, hockey games will give you something to do for a few nights a week.

Fun facts about Michigan Hockey - 1) The student section is collectively referred to as "The Boner Patrol" but nobody can seem to figure out why. 2) One of my friends said he saw a bunch of pink wigs in the trash at Hockey House. This should not be surprising if you've met an athlete before. 3) Coach Red Berenson is on record as saying his favorite anime is "Trigun". He mentions this at least once per press conference, even though no one ever asks about it.

BASKETBALL (AKA Hoops AKA Bouncysphere)

Michigan spent most of the 90's enjoying a spot as a respectable team and making several championship runs over the better part of the decade. That is, until one of them most infamous college sports scandals in history reduced the program to a pile of rubble when some old white boner gave a few players a billion dollars or some shit. As a result, the team forfeited pretty much all of its important wins since most of us were born and basketball at the university was generally regarded with the same sort of indifference that, well, every sport besides hockey and football receive.

Luckily for you, Michigan has spent the past four years turning their shit around and becoming just a little bit respectable again. They beat MSU (normally a dominant basketball power) in both of our meetings last season and were able to stay competitive through their postseason tournament appearance. There is a sense that the program is really starting to get back on its feet and become relevant again, so it makes sense that many fans are fairly optimistic about the next season.

Because of this recent success, watching the basketball team doesn't want to make you hang yourself in the Grad library like going to football games does. And unlike hockey, you don't automatically become a cross-dresser or a Canadian just by going to a game. You'll likely find yourself in a crowd of fairly normal looking but not very attractive (because you go to Michigan) white kids who know when to cheer and who are perhaps just a little bit chubby. You'll be under relatively little pressure when your friend asks you on Monday if you saw that "totally sick play" and you can say "yes" because no one really cares about impressive plays in basketball (there are like two hundred of them a game, ok?). Basically, basketball is a safe alternative if you lack the sex drive or self-confidence to get football tickets or go to parties. You can even go to Jimmy Johns after the games - I've heard that if you ask nicely, they'll make you a mayo sandwich on stale bread, just the sort of thing for someone with basketball tickets.

FOOTBAW - (AKA Handegg AKA Football)

Michigan's flagship sport by a huge margin. Over the past 130 years or so, Michigan has compiled the largest number of wins and the best winning percentage of any college football team. Unfortunately for you, reader living in the 21st century, most of this success came before we were born and in many cases before our grandparents were born. While the early 1900's saw the Wolverines collect national championships like Denard Robinson's lint trap, the post-World War II-era football team has only three national championships - two in the 1940's and one in 1997. The team has seen limited success since '97, though that's done little to temper the continued arrogance of Michigan fans everywhere.

In fact, the past four years have seen Michigan set records in getting abso-fucking-lutely pasted by everyone from Mormons to the guys from Deliverance (the ones with the banjos). That said, there has never been a better time to start following Michigan football – Brady Hoke is our charismatic new coach and we return almost all of our players from last year. We have one of, if not the, most explosive player in the country in junior quarterback Denard Robinson, who shattered a bunch of NCAA records as a sophomore (albeit under former Coach Rodriguez's offense). If nothing else it's impossible for the team to do any worse than the past four years, so you're unlikely to be disappointed.

More important than whether the team wins or loses, however, are the myriad gameday traditions. You'll come to love tailgating with the bruhs, stumbling into the game halfway through the second quarter, and knocking girls off of their seats because, like, sorry for partying, bro. If you're a girl, you can ask strange men to toss you around after touchdowns because that's The Michigan Difference. Even if you don't have any interest in the game itself, some 99% of Michigan students can tell you how much fun it is to scream "THROW THE FUCKING BALL," even though they don't know the difference between Power O and an inverted veer because this is MICHIGAN, goddamit, and you don't have to know a fucking thing about football to show up and be an asshole!

Fanmail

Dear James Lance Bass....

Dear James Lance Bass,

I use your full name here to show you just how serious I am. I'm just writing this fan letter to let you know once and for all that I have not been stalking you. I know we see each other a lot, and I know that you notice me because after we make eye contact you whisper to your big black friend who is always with you. He doesn't seem to like me, but he doesn't realize that I am a true fan.

I've been a fan for over 132 months which is like being pregnant 14.67 times which brings me to the point that I would have way more than 14.67 babies if you asked me to and they could all work at your music management company, Free Lance Entertainment. I hope they inherit your unmatched ability for wordplay.

But anyway, I'm writing to tell you that even though we do make completely coincidental eye contact so often, I really am not stalking you, I promise. I know that you go to L.A. fitness to work on your shin and ankle muscles on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from approximately 4:30-10:30 P.M., and you always come in the back door. You know, the one by the Best Buy.

I know this so that I don't accidentally run into you and make you think I'm stalking you, because I'm not.

I also know that when you get upset from watching Justin Timberlake and his completely untalented ugly backstabbing face on the television in the third room from the left on the top floor of your green house at 1304 Hendrix Ave. in Hollywood you like to go down to the beach. Your favorite beach is the one with the dock that has the one pink pillar that I painted but you don't know I painted it so you probably don't know that you're sitting on my creation every time you sit on it because I know that that is your favorite place to sit on the beach on Tuesdays from 11:00-2:00 P.M.

I hope you have been going to your favorite lunch spot at Café Japon downtown. Is the eel still too hot for your liking? They should stop putting so much wasabi on it because you have asked them three and one half times to stop putting so much wasabi on it or you will refuse to return. You are very kind, even when they put too much wasabi on it.

Make sure to go the same dentist that you did on November 8th, because after you left your teeth looked really good. I mean really good. I could see them all the way from across the street. Did you see me? I don't think you did. You were reading a Reader's Digest that they must have let you take from Dr. Geoffery's office. They get two subscriptions to Reader's Digest, three for People, and two for Cooking Light.

Please continue with this schedule, because if you don't I may accidentally miss my mark and be too forward, and neither one of us wants that. I am not stalking you James, remember that. I don't like it when you look scared.

Sincerely,
Timmy

P.S. Do you like the picture I drew?

HEY YOU
Are you interested in any of the following?
Humor Writing Marketing
Illustration Design
Job opportunities in the entertainment industry
Youtube videos of cats and laughing babies
Then join the Gargoyle Humor Magazine!
Killing trees as the official source of campus humor since 1909
Come to any of our weekly meetings:
Friday at 6 at the Student Publications Building
Thompson St
Maynard St
E William St
State St
Stanford Lipsey Student Publications, 420 Maynard.
GargOyle
EFF DA GARGOYLE
For further information
feel free to email gargmail@umich.edu

A True Story

My Dog Is A Smoker

BY BRETT SANDLER

I should have known that moving to Florida would really fuck with my dog. I don't mind a little trailer shit culture, but he took it too far. At first it was little things, like sneaking warm beer into his water bowl and ripping all the sleeves off my shirts. Then it got life-threatening.

Guys, my dog started smoking and also ran away.

It was a Wednesday afternoon and like every Wednesday afternoon I was picking Buttons up from the bar. I saw him trot out from the back alley with some particularly rough looking mutts, but something was off. He reeked of tobacco and tried to pass it off all "bark bark."

"Well," I said, "then I don't want you hanging around with them anymore. Now get in the Volvo."

Some time passed and Buttons found new friends, stopped pissing on all of my khakis and really picked himself out of the trash. Yet, he seemed distant, unsatisfied even. Maybe I was too harsh; it's hard making friends when you're the new dog and perhaps those mutts weren't so bad. I was outside cleaning up shit one day when I found a roach.

"Chill," I thought, "I smoked weed in college and also presently. It's cool that dogs can smoke weed without thumbs or bongs." I took a hit and coughed through the fertilizer, but lo, I tasted something fishy — or rather, spliffy.

I went to confront my dog, but found his cage empty save for a litter of empty Skoals tins and the impression his balls make in the padding. I knew he was still near. I spent all night searching for him, driving around with the trunk open, blaring Motorhead and throwing pipe tobacco in trashcan fires. Nothing worked; not even a city-wide trail of Newports brought him back home.

Months went by and everything reminded me of Buttons - every dog I saw smoking looked just like him. Eventually I began to give up hope. "Fuck it," I thought, "I'll go to Disneyworld, surely that will cheer me up!" Unfortunately, I spent most of the trip avoiding Goofy after he passed me a note complimenting my "vary prity hands". However, not all was lost. I was having a corndog with the eunuch who voices the Disney princesses and I told him my story.

He reeked of tobacco and tried to pass it off all "bark bark."

"Phil," he began, "dogs are very sensitive creatures, especially when it comes to drug habits. I lost my balls trying to take Air Bud's coke."
"That's tragic," I replied, "but in eating your sack, he also blessed you with your golden voice and a new life."

"Exactly. Never forget that."

We sat in silence for a few moments, savoring life's sweet ironies.

"Oh shit," the eunuch apologized, "sorry for prattling on about my balls and stuff. Anyways, what I meant to tell you is that when I was a kid my dog ran away and we found him at the old junkyard, about $200 down in a game of craps. Maybe you should check there. Careful though, a few years ago the owner sold it to pay for a really expensive hooker. Rumor has it that new tenants have taken residence…"

I finished my corndog, thanked the eunuch and headed home for the night. I needed sleep, tomorrow would be an eventful day.

The words "Tom's Big Junkyard" burned with a neon glow above the entryway. It was clear that the "yard" had been added on years after the rest of the sign, following The Great Gay Flight of the early 90's. The doormen were dressed in black cloaks and greeted me with cold stares.

"What is the color of night, my brother?"

I spoke truly, "White...snake." The gates opened with a creak and some mufflers fell off of them. A terrifying world lay before me, almost as disturbing as Jacksonville. To my left I saw a toothless man fucking an old truck engine, to my right I saw Dad, and straight ahead I saw a trail of shit carelessly peppered with old cigarette butts. I took a whiff — Marlboro Reds, Button's favorite. Someone wanted me to follow, but it smelled like the trail had been there for weeks. I shat myself, just a little bit, to cover my lack of scent and started down the shit road.

Despite the horror, Tom's was like a beautiful pregnant woman, full of life and new beginnings. A group of children were discussing ethics and throwing rocks at cats, and the cats were in turn doing the same while pissing on the children. Derelicts were trying to build small huts, but kept getting distracted and cooking great meth. The landscape reminded me of a Dali, but if Ted Bundy used it as a tarp: little chunks of vomit everywhere and lots of unidentifiable masses crowding the skyline.

I asked around, had anyone seen "a really cool dog wearing a Tapout shirt," but someone tried to steal my shoes and everyone else got angry when I told them I had cable, but wouldn't "hook them up." I had really hit a wall when I ran into a huge wall of porn.

The landscape reminded me of a Dali, but if Ted Bundy used it as a tarp.

I wiped the lotion off my clothes and began the ascent. My forearms nearly fell off, but I reached the top and peered over to see a perfectly manicured golf course. No wonder the wall was so high; this was a classy joint. "Rothschild Ridge: the most exclusive golf club in the world," according to the sign. I waved to the Queen, cleaned the

shit from my shorts, and climbed down to the course. I wandered around for a minute until I stepped onto the green. Suddenly, this bitch popped out of nowhere and started gnawing through my Achilles' tendon. Just when I thought my gorgeous ankles were ruined forever (I have great ankles, this would be unacceptable) I heard the bark I so missed. Fast as a pack-a-day dog, Buttons sprinted over the horizon, tackled the bitch and immediately started fucking the shit out of her.

"That's my boy," I stammered, wiping away a tear. I let Buttons get his nut, then gave him the hug I'd owed him for months.

"Bark!"

"You're right, sorry about being such an emotional blowjob, but god damn am I happy to see you! Why did you run away? Have you been here this whole time? I've got so many questions to ask you."

"Well, Phil," Buttons began, clearing his throat, "it's pretty simple. You see, I work here at Rothschild Ridge. I'm the groundskeeper"

"Congratulations! That's phenomenal, tell me more."

"Well, I have a confession to make. On Wednesdays I always told you I was shooting pool at the bar, but that's not true. Not completely. The first few times I got drunk, fought the bouncer, the usual. That kind of lifestyle is only fun for so long and in dog years it's about 3 days, so I started chain-smoking out back, waiting for you to pick me up. Nothing serious, I just enjoy a good smoke. Right behind the bar is a middle school soccer field and it was in a state of perpetual disrepair. Uneven mowing, weeds as far as the eye could see. This struck something, something deep inside of me and I began to change. You see a lawn and want to frolic about, or maybe nap. I see a lawn and think, 'how can I make this a work of art?' It was then that I knew lawncare was to be my life. Anyways, I happened to meet this fine young lady a month back at the Grass and Mowers Expo and she introduced me to her owners. Turns out they're the Rothschilds and were in need of a new groundskeeper."

"You're right, sorry about being such an emotional blowjob"

"Not bad my friend, is it safe to assume you've been enjoying the work?"

"Undoubtedly, and the job has some great perks. Check this out."

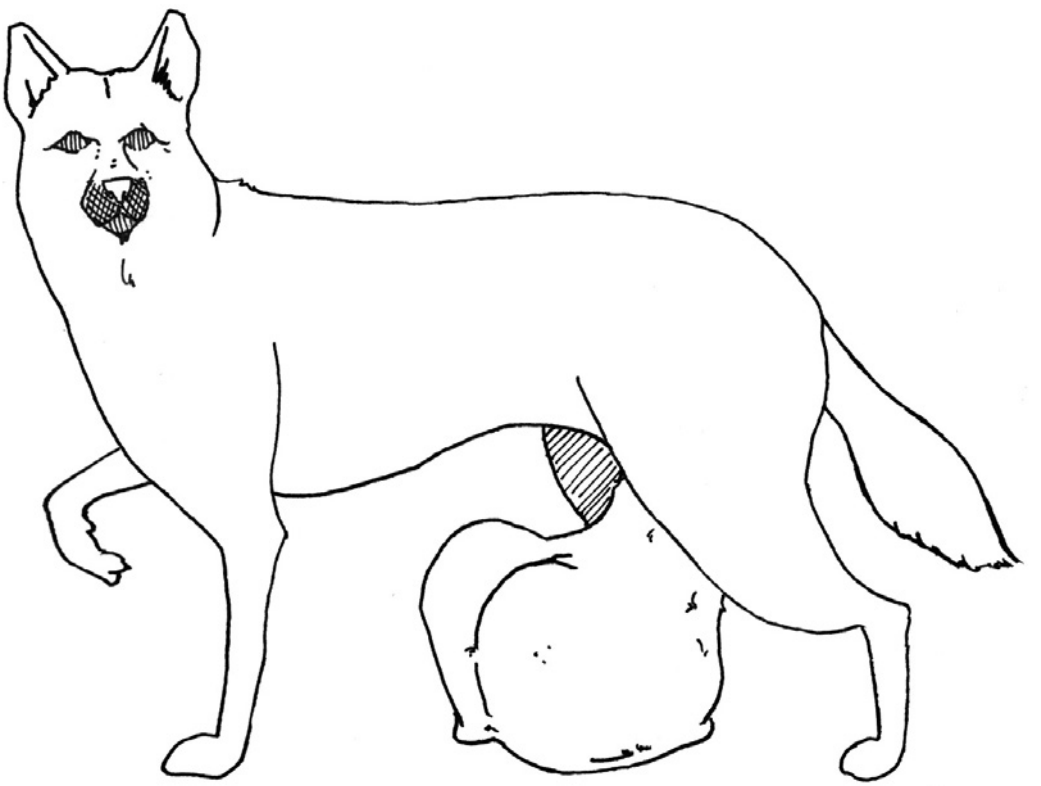
Buttons put a cigarette in his mouth and tapped twice on the ground. The air around us grew warm and suddenly his cigarette was lit.

"That was a missile defense satellite. Also, I can make black jokes and it's totally okay. I should tell you, though, that I signed a three-year contract. I felt so guilty, just running out on you like that, but I had to follow my dream. And that's lawn care. I left you the shit trail in hopes that you'd find me here someday."

"Gosh Buttons, I'm just thrilled to see you doing so well, and don't worry, I understand, but know that you always have a home with me. I should get going though, trouble's been a-brewing since you left. Smoking bans have cropped up all across the US. Doctors everywhere are out of work, Big Pharma has collapsed and millions are saving a bundle on health insurance!"

"That's terrible, no wonder the economy is in such poor shape. Has the anti-tobacco lobby really become so powerful?"

"No Buttons, not the lobbyists — the Nazis, and they have to be stopped. *Again*. So do your part to fight fascism, smoke up!"



Gargoyle MAGAZINE (presents)

BEER PONG

House Rules

Number of Cups
☐6 ☐10 ☐15

Cup Contents
☐Alcohol
☐Water

Drinks per side
☐1 ☐2 ☐3

Allowed to blow
☐Guys ☐Bitches

Allowed to finger
☐Guys ☐Bitches

Bounces
☐Allowed
☐Can be swatted
☐Worth 2 cups

When shooting,
(Hand / Elbow) Behind table

Extras
☐Gentleman's shot
☐NBA Jam rules

If same cup is made
(1 / 2 / 3) cups pulled
☐Rollbacks granted

When are cups pulled?
☐Immediately
☐After a team's turn

Balls pulled
☐after each shot

Which team goes first?
☐Previous winners
☐Winner of Eye-to-Eye

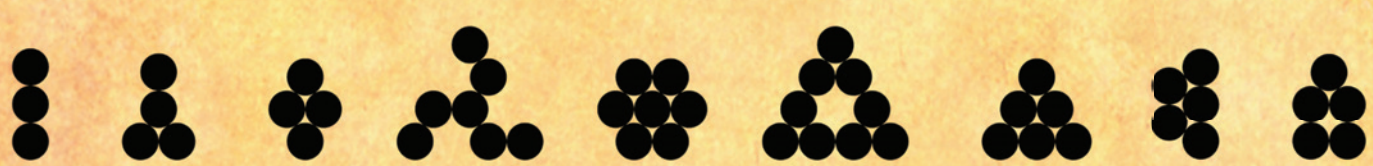
Reracking
(0 / 1 / 2 / 3 / inf) reracks
☐Before turn ☐Whenever
☐cups realigned on request

Ending rules
☐Rebuttal allowed
☐Unless same cup was made
☐Shoot 'til you miss

In event of tie, restart with
(3 / 6 / 10) cup racks

~ Additional house rules ~

Rack Formations



Line · Dick · Diamond (Vag) · Windmill · Desperate Honeycomb · Freshman Cup · Pyramid · Zipper · House